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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the Estate of Eddy Hyatt, late of Fox township, Elk county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, therefore all persons having claims against, or are in any way indebted to said estate are requested to call and settle their accounts. J. N. HYATT, Adm'r. ORPHA HYATT, Ad'x. dec-13 66-ly.

NOTICE WHEREAS, MY WIFE TERISSA WILDFIRE has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, all persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting her on my account as I will pay no debts of her contracting. ANTHONY WILDFIRE. Dec. 13th 1866. 3c.

THAYER HOUSE, RIDGWAY, PA. DAVID THAYER, Proprietor. The undersigned having fitted up a large and commodious hotel on the southwest corner of Centre and Mill streets, with good and convenient stabling attached, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. dec-13'66 ly DAVID THAYER.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS. AMERICAN AND FRENCH CANDIES.—We will open for the Christmas Holiday a large and choice stock of candies, Bon Bons, Fruit, (green, dried and preserved,) jellies &c., that we have ever exhibited to customers. Call and examine at the BOOK STORE in ST. MARY'S.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.—We have laid in a large assortment of R. Catholic Prayer Books, (both English and German,) some of which will be found of the finest quality, Family Bibles, Testaments, Books of devotion, Rosaries of all qualities, Scapulars, Crucifixes both carved and cast, together with an assortment of all those articles usually found in a Catholic book store. Call and examine at the BOOK STORE, in ST. MARY'S.

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SOMETHING NEW! HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Elk county that he has just started in the above business in Ridgway, and feel confident that he can please all who may favor him with their custom. GRADING, PAPER HANGING AND CALCIMINING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE MOST fashionable and improved manner and style. Orders left at this office or at the Banking House of Southern, Willis & Southern will be promptly attended to. W. P. WILLIAMS, May-17'66-ly.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—The late firm of Burke & Woods of the borough of St. Mary's, Elk county, Pa., having on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1866, made a general assignment for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said firm will please make payment, and all having claims present them to CHARLES McVEAN, Assignee. St. Mary's, Benzinger P. O. December 6th, 1866.

Correspondence of the Advocate.

Letters to Evangelist.

NUMBER THREE.

Sir:—In replying to your enquiries, which have led to this correspondence, nothing was farther from my intentions and wishes than to engage in a polemic discussion. Besides being foreign to my profession, I do not consider the secular press as exactly the proper vehicle through which to discuss religious questions. Believing, however, that you really desired enlightenment on the subject to which you referred, I consider it to be the duty of some one to afford you a brief exposition of the proofs of the question. The fulfillment of this duty I undertook, although fully aware that many others might do it more ably, and more creditably to themselves and to the doctrines they advocated. I presumed that after having read what I wrote to you, you would endeavor to find still other sources than those to which I referred you, and to discover, if possible, still further proofs if any existed. In this I have been mistaken. You have seen fit to deny everything I have advanced, but in your seven letters to me you have not disproved one single argument of mine. You have denied them it is true, you have told me that you do not believe them, and you have given me your interpretation of the texts of scripture which I produced, but further than this you have done nothing. To the superficial mind your letters read well, but to the thinker they are painfully barren of proof. Moreover, I regret to say that you have seriously mistaken my meaning on several important points to which I will refer in the course of my answer. With regard to your demand for scriptural proofs and your indisposition to accept any others, I would remind you that your views and mine regarding the sacred scriptures are widely different. You, I presume, regard them as a rule of faith and you are willing to accept no testimony except that of the bible. I, while reverencing the sacred writings equally with you, by no means regard them in the same light. I do not believe they were ever intended as a rule of faith, although the result of revelation. Had they been so intended, the poor christians who lived during the fifteen centuries before the discovering of the art of printing, would have been sadly deficient in religious knowledge. Had our Savior intended that His teachings should reach the people of the whole world through the writings of the Apostles, He, certainly, would have provided some method for their universal dissemination. The patient, toiling monks of what many love to call the dark ages, (but which really presented the brightest examples of love of religion and of learning) who preserved the bible for us and for you, could never have supplied the people with manuscript copies, while the millions, at the present time, unable to read, would live, I fancy, in the darkest of dark ages, were the bible the only rule of faith. We differ also upon another point. You believe in the right of private interpretation of the scriptures. Catholics do not. We consider the sacred writings far too sublime to be readily comprehended by minds to whom an ordinary political article is often a mystery, much more so a treatise on philosophy or natural science, and shall we presume that the Word of God is more easily understood than the perishable works of man? We consider it to be far too holy to be twisted and turned and made to suit every whim which the human mind may conceive. High or low, learned or unlearned, the Catholic accepts the interpretation which the church puts upon the bible. Therefore, it was not my private opinion that I gave you when I interpreted the scripture I quoted, but the opinion of the church of which I am a member. Those interpretations I believe to be true; if you do not, it were useless for me to advance more which would only meet the same fate. The proofs in my second letter you pass over with what seems very much like a sneer on "the writings of the fathers and the tombstones of martyrs," but remember that although a witty remark may provoke the mirth of the silly it does not overturn arguments and proofs. In my first letter I gave you the doctrine of the church in regard to the position held by the Blessed Virgin Mary. I said that Mary was peculiarly the Queen of Mercy and that to her does not belong the attribute of justice. Almighty God, being omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, possesses all the attributes of goodness, knowledge and power. Among these are the attributes of Justice and of Mercy. He can either satisfy justice by condemning the sinner to everlasting torments or He can exercise his attribute of Mercy by pardoning him and admitting him into the company of the blessed. Mary, being a creature, has no pardoning power, neither has she the power to condemn, therefore, having no right to ex-

ercise justice, it is not an attribute of hers, but belongs solely to Almighty God. This must be plain to the dullest comprehension. But Mary has the right, not to be merciful to the sinner, but to ask Almighty God to be merciful to him. And here I must charge you with either misunderstanding my language or with misrepresenting it. In your seventh letter we read: "You say 'to her does not belong the attribute of justice' and so the sinner 'laden with crime and transgressions' will stand a better chance of obtaining forgiveness." Now, my dear Sir, I said no such thing, and any child who read my letters with ordinary care will tell you so. You have interpolated, into my language, words of your own which give it an entirely different meaning. You have quoted two disconnected parts of sentences instead of the whole. From your rendering it would be inferred that I wished to elevate Mary to an equality with Almighty God; that I accorded to Him the attribute of justice and to her that of mercy, so that if the sinner feared to trust himself into the hands of God, he could appeal to Mary, and that she, entirely independent of Almighty God, would be merciful to him. Can anything be more preposterous than this attempt to ascribe such a meaning to my words, when I gave you so explicitly the position of Mary as held by the Church? What I did say when speaking of the sinner was this: "Casting himself at the feet of Mary and begging her to intercede for him, begging her, pure and undefiled, to ask her son to suspend this justice and allow her to exercise her attribute of mercy," that is that Mary would beg Almighty God to suspend his justice for a time and allow her to exercise her privilege of intercession in behalf of the sinner. To show further that, in your quotation, you did not present my meaning, I will cite from my first letter: "But the church does not consider Mary the equal of Almighty God; she does not believe, nor does she teach, that she has the power of forgiving sins and she would severely rebuke any of her children who would pray in that manner to her, and thus insult Almighty God who alone has the power of forgiveness." Your dialogue, though exhibiting traces of very fine dramatic talent does not contain any arguments on the subject, and, therefore, can be passed over. With regard to satisfying the justice of God, I very much fear that if mercy lent her aid, not one of us would be saved. With regard to why I believe in the invocation of saints, whether because I believe it to be beautiful or whether because I believe it to be true is not, my dear Sir, for you to decide. I must say, however, that I am very much led to doubt your sincerity in regard to your inquiries, when I compare these passages from your letter to the editor: "I am willing to learn from anyone, and wish to be corrected of any errors in regard to so important a matter as prayer. If there is any mode of communicating with the faithful of past ages, I would not be averse to asking prayers of that valiant soldier of the cross, who did not use to fight like a man beating the air," and "I do not deny that there may be evidence of this, but I have never seen any, and ask for information," with the following from your last letter to me: "The idea that God who so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, that Christ who loved the world and gave Himself for it, should need the intercession of Mary to make them willing to forgive a repenting sinner, is so preposterous that it should come only from those who are 'enemies of the cross of Christ.'" "Comparisons," it is said, "are odious." But I think this one peculiarly so. How does it come that you find a doctrine "so preposterous" which only a few weeks ago you were willing to believe might be true, and about which you begged for information? There is a sad discrepancy here, and I very much fear it was the desire of whetting your polemic weapons, the *carottes scribendi*, or perhaps the desire to appear in print, and not an earnest longing for truth, "as the heart pants after fountains of water," that led you to make your inquiries. In reply to your belief that you are justified in withholding your assent from a doctrine which you deem so "shadowy," I can only say that you have applied for information, you have received it and have seen fit to dissent from it, it remains now for others to decide as to whether you are justified in denying it, or in believing it.

This letter then closes our correspondence. That it has fallen upon barren soil in your case I regret; perhaps some few seeds have fallen upon good ground, which will spring up and "yield fruit a hundred fold."

"No taxation without representation," says the Tribune, "is a battle cry that cannot be permanently resisted." It is exactly for this reason that all good men await the downfall of the Radical Republican party.

Select Story.

Little Pearl.

I was bitterly discontented that morning, and there was no denying it—discontented with my home, my husband, even with my babe. I remember the morning well, it was gray and cloudy, with a low dragging mist, that chilled one to the bone, and hung the trees with reeking moisture. The black mud, about the door, of our western home, was thick and deep; and the bare floor of one room was badly stained and soiled by the careless feet of the roughshod workmen. I had been cleaning up all the morning, but the more I cleaned the worse matters seemed to grow; soap and sand only served to render the black foot-marks more visible; and when a sudden puff of wind whirled the smoke and ashes down the pipe of my cooking stove, covering the books and tables I had just taken so much pains in dusting off, I threw myself in the rocking-chair, and burst into a passion of despairing tears.

We brought the rocking-chair with us, Ned and I, when we left our cottage on the outskirts of the city, and journeyed westward. It was a pretty cottage; my eyes fill with tears even now at the thought of it, with its low, breezy windows, through which the odor of roses floated the livelong summer; and its clean, well ordered rooms, adorned with all those charming, useless little toys, that go so far toward making a home better than any other. We were very happy, Ned and I; as cozy and comfortable as two robins in the heart of a summer apple-tree. Ned was a clerk, but with a good salary, and some little additions flowing in now and then from other resources. And when our baby came, "Little Pearl," as we called her, our happiness was complete.

But after a while this new rapture began to cool, and as Little Pearl's blue eyes deepened, Ned, began to cast about him in a sage and fatherly manner.

"We must do the best we can for Little Pearl's sake, Bell."

That was the opening remark—a disclosure of the plans followed. He had caught the western fever. "Westward the star of empire makes its way," Ned quoted, with telling emphasis, adding, "we must follow." Bell, and build up a name and a home for "Little Pearl."

I assented, as I always did to Ned's plan's though, in my secret soul, I felt that the movement was a bad one. We sold our pretty cottage and furniture at a considerable sacrifice; Ned left his clerkship; and the November after Little Pearl's birth found us in our western home.

Ned had urged me to bring out our servants; but, in a fit of high-strung heroism, I determined to be maid-of-all-work myself. Ned would have to sacrifice his ease and comfort—I would not be behind him. It was comparatively light in the beginning, when only Ned and myself were to provide for; but after a while the hired men came; and baby required more attention every day. The fall rains set in, converting the spongy soil into black, adhering mud. I worked late and early, but found it impossible to take care of my babe, and keep our rude home in anything like order. I bore up as long as I could; but at last my strength utterly failed, and sitting down in the rocking-chair, I sobbed like a silly child. I thought of my old home, with its pretty well ordered apartments; of the hours of pleasant leisure and social enjoyment to which I have been accustomed; and then, with a fresh gush of tears, I looked out at the low, trailing mist, and around the small, untidy room in which I was imprisoned. It was wrong in Ned to bring me to such a place, and against my will, too, I thought bitterly.

At that moment I heard the voice of the sick hired man calling for water, and, catching up the pitcher, I brushed away the tears, and ran up to the rude loft where he lay. As I reached the bed, I saw by the sun it was almost noon, and dinner was to cook for Ned and the hired men. Giving the invalid his water, I paused a moment to mix a draught of medicine, my thoughts full of the smoking stove, and distasteful duties that awaited me below; and just then, shrill and clear, came Little Pearl's cry. I threw down the dose I was mixing, exclaiming almost angrily.

"It is no use, I can't get along, no matter how hard I strive. What shall I do now? Oh, dear! I do wish I had no baby!"

My finger tips thrilled with terror the instant the unwomanly wish had passed my lips; and, clearing the steps at two or three bounds, I rushed to the corner where the crib stood, eager to clasp her to my bosom, and pour out my remorse in tears and kisses. I snatched aside the curtain. The crib was there, so was the snowy pillow bearing the damp impress of her head; but Little Pearl was gone. For a moment I stood dumb and almost senseless, then a swift thought came to my relief.

"Ned has stolen her to frighten me," I cried, and, rushing out, I searched everywhere to find him; but in vain.

The mist was thickening into rain. I knew well enough that he was too careful of her to expose in such a manner; yet I clung to the belief that he had stolen her as I clung to my life. There were fresh footprints in the black mud about the door leading out toward the wood lot, where Ned and the men were at work. I followed them, my head uncovered, unmindful of the chill wind and driving rain plunging ankle deep into the yielding soil at every step. About half way I seen something in the path before me. It was a little crimson stocking! My heart leaped for joy. Ned had stolen her, and she had kicked it from her foot on the way; it was cruel in him to frighten me so. I wondered if he had heard that silly wish of mine!

Half a mile from the house I met him and the men coming home to dinner. He started forward the moment he caught sight of me.

"Oh, Bell! what's the matter? Is Little Pearl sick?"

One glance at his white, startled face, convinced me that my hope was vain; yet I cried out angrily, "You've got the child, Ned, you know you have—don't torture me any longer."

"Bell, what do you mean?"

"She's gone—Little Pearl. You stole her Ned to frighten me!"

"No, on my soul, Bell, I haven't touched her. Then she's gone; God has granted me my wish. Oh! my baby, my baby!"

I was rushing past him, but he caught and held me fast, compelling me to tell him all—and I did. And then, his after words thrilled my soul with horror.

"The Indians! the Indians, boys!" he cried, "they passed us, you know! They must have stolen her. Come!"

They followed him without a word—and so did I. Over the spongy prairie mud, the chill wind and driving rain beating in our faces, through dense, dripping woods, down to the shore of the river. But we were too late. The last canoe was moored on the opposite shore. God had granted me my wish. I had no baby!

Little Pearl could not be found, although our efforts were ceaseless. Her crib remained in its corner, with the impress of her head on its pillow; but the little, laughing face, that had looked at us from the depths of the coverlets, was gone forever. I had ample time to perform all my household labor then. No little quivering cry to detain me when I was busy; no clinging hands holding mine, and keeping them idle. My wish was granted me; I had no baby!

The desolate, inconsolable sorrow of the days that followed, no tongue can portray; the tender longing, the sharp, stinging remorse. But we lived and worked, for life and labor must go on, no matter how sore and weary our hearts may be. At the end of five years, Ned looked around him on the ripe fruition of his most sanguine hopes. He had built him up not only a home, but a name, in this new country. We had pleasant rooms, and luxurious furniture, and birds, and flowers, and all the attributes that go to make a happy home. All did I say? Not all—we were childless. Little Pearl had never come back, and God had given us no other child to fill her place; but we desired no other, our grief for her loss being deeper and sacred than any new love could have been.

Poor Ned, that unforgotten sorrow together with the arduous duties, made him an old man before his time; the silver threads were thick on his temples, and the furrows on his forehead out; when we went back on a visit to our old home, the friends of his youth did not recognize him. His life had lost its impelling aim and motive.

One night, in the great city, we were returning from the opera, when a voice startled us.

"Please, sir," it said, "a penny for a loaf."

It was mid winter; the pavements were glazed with ice; and the countless stars overhead glittered in the cold, blue sky like so many points of steel. I was dreaming of my home in the west, and longing for the hour of my return to come. A strange feeling of tenderness bound us to the spot where we met our Little Pearl. I could not help to be away from it, because of a foolish fear that she might come back, and I not there to welcome her.

The slender, pleading voice broke in upon my reverie; and, glancing out at the carriage window I saw a small child-like figure, and a tiny hand, blue and stiff with cold.

"Stop the carriage, Ned; I shall close my eyes to night if we pass that child."

My husband started up from his half doze and obeyed me.

"What do you want?" he asked, kindly bending over and taking the child's hand in his.